

GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who sows brambles must go barefoot.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.—*Franklin*.

What an admirable happiness to know how to do without things.

The greatest factor of eloquence is sincerity.

Nothing is worse than prejudice; nothing preferable to experience.—*Theognis*.

When the best things are not possible, the best may be made of those that are.

Constancy and firmness form the characteristics of serene and composed minds.—*Cicero*.

Every evil is followed by its punishment. It is as if evil had its punishment inscribed upon it.

Nature does nothing in vain, but is simple, and delights not in superfluous causes of things.

Knowledge is not what we read, but what we hold; but we are judged by the use we make of it.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

Men are more easily made rich by diminishing their desires, than by adding to their riches.—*Epicurus*.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions if the world were witness to the motive that impelled us.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is their perpetual despair.—*Carlyle*.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

Censure and criticism never hurt; they are undeserved, or if deserved they are beneficial. This is very well in theory; but try the theory on somebody and wait for the result—or rather don't wait.

Honors, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal, but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other commendation than their own weight.—*Sterne*.

The more that persons know, the more liberal they are; the less they know, the more bigoted they are. Be not afraid to pluck and eat the fruit which gives knowledge. To ascertain the real is to progress.

The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.—*Herder*.

Without discretion, learning is pedantry, and wit, impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors and active to his own prejudice.—*Addison*.

Every thing that can be applied to any particular use is becoming and admirable relatively to the purpose for which it is suited; things are fine and good according to their conveniences, and, if convenient, then they are unpleasant and bad.—*Secrates*.

Reply to Dr. Easton.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

On the 10th of May, Rev. Dr. Chalmers Easton preached a sermon on Spiritualism; if your space will permit I would like to reply to some of his remarks.

He read for the lesson the 28th chapter of the 1st Book of Samuel, containing the story of Saul's visit to the Woman of Endor and chose for his text the fifth verse of that chapter,—"And when Saul inquired of the Lord the Lord answered him not neither by dreams, nor by Urim nor by the prophets."

He first described the situation of the armies of the Jews and Philistines and how Saul was afraid at the host opposed to him and visited the Woman of Endor. Saul's reason for the visit was, "The Lord answered him not," and he was greatly troubled in mind, and afraid of the possible consequences of the coming battle; as Mr. Easton says, but had the Lord not forsaken him he certainly would not have visited the woman.

Samuel had been the medium through whom God spoke to Saul, and gave his commands, and now that Samuel was dead, and the Lord answer him not, he became afraid and decided to visit a medium.

Mr. Easton says that the Witch was a deceiver, that she was enabled to recognize Saul, (though he was disguised) by her instinct, which was, as is always the case, "keenness to a man," and that the story was inserted in the Scriptures for a "purpose." The instinct that could lead a woman to recognize Saul under the circumstances, (as Saul had some years before banished all mediums from the country, and was therefore the least likely person to pay a visit to such a person as the Woman of Endor) is indeed "keenness to a man."

If the story was inserted in the Scripture for the purpose of warning posterity from such visits, why does not the narrative make it plain that she was a fraud? As it stands she has every appearance of not being a fraud; how did she recognize Saul? Mr. Easton says that she "no doubt learned of him from his servants who went before him." Saul's servants did not go before him; they went, according to the Bible, with him. But if she did learn anything from them why does not the Bible say so? Is it consistent with the "purpose" that the very things that prove her to be a fraud are left out?

Mr. Easton says, "Saul desired to have a communication from Samuel, and the witch being a ventriloquist simulated the voice of Samuel, and Saul who had fasted for a long time was frightened and easily imposed upon." The woman's instinct and ventriloquism seem to have been developed to a most astonishing extent or else there is something more in the story—another power which Mr. Easton does not mention.

David had been anointed King of Israel in secret by Samuel, and yet the woman's remarkable "instinct" seems to have told her all about it, and we find her telling Saul what only Samuel (who was dead) knew. She prophesied the defeat of Saul, and his death and that of his sons, on the next day, all of which came true; and yet, in the face of all this, and without any authority for the statement, Mr. Easton says she was a fraud.

Saul's religious devotions and fasting, instead of doing him any good seem, according to Mr. Easton, to have caused him to be "easily imposed upon." The fact that Mr. Easton has never known anyone "who has gone into Spiritualism that ever changed from it," is no argument against it; it is rather otherwise. Does he think it is to the credit of the church that people do "change from it"? Did Mr. Easton ever think of how the "disease" of Spiritualism might be cured? If he or anyone else desires to effect a cure for the unfortunate people that have contracted the "disease," he has only to explain the phenomenon that causes it. When he or anyone else can do that reasonably (except as Spiritualists explain it) he may be treated to the spectacle of seeing many people "change from it."

He says that we all desire to know of the future but should "seek of God." Man should seek for knowledge in any and every way that is open to him that does not lead to any wrong doing. But suppose we "seek of God" in regard to the

future, what do we learn? What has He told us of the future according to the Bible? What we find concerning the fate of humanity is so revoltingly cruel and so absurd that it is hardly worth discussion. That five-sixths of the human race are to be tortured because of the sin of an ancestor of thousands of years ago; that the rest are to forever sing praises and thanks because they are not being burned as well. And all because Eve sinned in the Garden of Eden! All because man failed to win the battle against a foe far stronger and more powerful than himself—the devil.

Indeed some Christians would have us believe that the devil is equal in power with God, (though perhaps they do not know what they say) for if the manifestations of Spiritualism be the devil, he is infinite and omnipresent; as Mr. Easton says "a finite spirit can only be in one place at a time; when it becomes more than that it becomes infinite and omnipresent," consequently when Christians declare that it is the devil that manifests himself through mediums they declare that he is "infinite and omnipresent," and equal with God.

Mr. Easton asks for signs of other occupations in the spirit land than that of "portrait making," and wants to know what has become of the machinists and doctors on the other side. I should not like to disappoint anyone's hopes, but I do not believe that machinists and doctors are any longer needed on the other side. This should not be a disappointment to anyone who has been taught to believe that we are all musicians! But seriously there have been other than "portrait makers" among the spirits that have haunted our "diseased" minds for the last 40 years.

Mr. Easton charges Spiritualism with injustice and favoring criminals on the ground that "not a single murder has ever been divulged through it." Queer ground for such a charge, because it does not prevent and expose crime it "favors" it. Mr. Easton's charge will work the other way. Why does God allow crime? Why does He not expose it? Does He favor it? Either Mr. Easton did not think before he made the charge or else he is charging God with "favoring criminals." In olden times He used to have a "prophet" through whom He spoke and prevented crime and injustice (according to the Bible). Why does He not do it now?

Mr. Easton's reasons why people visit mediums are erroneous, except in very rare cases; and were they true it would be no slur on the doctrines of Spiritualism. He charges Spiritualism with tending to immortality. Spiritualism does not tend to immortality. It teaches that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If that is immoral, can Mr. Easton find a better standard?

I maintain that it is unreasonable to tie a man's mind down by talking about the sin of doubt and virtue of faith. Blind faith in anything is absurd. Every man has a right to his opinion, and if anyone does not believe in Spiritualism after investigating, I have nothing to say against him; all I ask is for him to investigate impartially, with reason for his guide. After all, "believe" matters but little if a man live according to the best precepts of morality that he knows. It matters not what church he is a member of; he need not fear for his fate in the hour when death claims him to know and explore the realms of the beyond. We can only hope for a better life beyond and seek to know all that is permitted us.

Man's life here is but a succession of trials and sorrows; he watches the prettiest flowers grow and bloom only to fade and die. His fondest hopes are oft disappointed. Let us hope that a better time is coming when we may see the flowers that have faded here bloom again with greater brilliancy than is attainable in this world. Let us hope that when the end of this world does come it will come not with explosions and earthquake, but silently, and as its sun sets let it cease to be the home of the human race as the evolution of mankind progresses to a higher and happier sphere. I hope that after death has claimed me, and I am beneath the sod, if my spirit is permitted to communicate with the friends from whom it has parted, I still will be able to sign the communication as I do this.

THE RUTH SEEKER.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 17, 1890.

The noblest employment of the mind is in the study of Nature and truth.—*Aristotle*.

Honors to Mrs. Watson.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

If you will kindly permit me the space, I should like to tell, through the columns of your popular paper, the pleasure I experienced at being one of fifty invited guests who partook of the hospitality of our much-loved and gifted minister of the true gospel, one truly deserving of rich reward. I refer to Mrs. E. L. Watson whom we met at her delightful country seat (Sunny Brae), yesterday, the first of June, the occasion celebrated being a farewell gathering of her many warm friends of Santa Clara and San Jose, before that lady's departure to the East to new fields of labor. She will leave behind her many who will long remember the genial heart-felt welcome we received, and will miss (for a short time only), the pleasant, sympathetic smile of our loved hostess.

Having never met the lady personally before, but being well acquainted with her spiritual work through her inspirational powers, you can well imagine what a treat it was to me. I have never before received so much spiritual comfort as was given us so freely that day, and it will count as one of the brightest rays of light that has penetrated my soul in the earthly life. We had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by our hostess that seemed of the fittest; it awakened the brightest memories of the past and glorious visions of the future, and while she touched on our dark days, we understood that our discipline was needful, and we were thankful that we were in the presence not only of present friends in the body but a host of those who have loosened themselves from the earth-shell and made gloriously bright with robes of immortality. There were among us many who were recently bereaved, and nothing could express her portrayal of the feelings of the departed, nor her picture of what the possibility of that future life they behold in us.

May our dear teacher be given strength from the heavenly hosts to bear all the ills that mortal flesh and spirit in the body is heir to, and uphold her in the various hours of sorrow, when the soul is made to drink of the dregs of disappointment, that it may become purified from all earthly dross and reach out only for the good. May she receive the greatest contentment of mind and her days be full of joy, was the response of each soul assembled there.

We also had the pleasure of meeting her daughter, who, as her mother fondly called her, her "Laurel Wreath." May she fulfill a mother's fondest hopes. She delighted us with some instrumental pieces which showed no mean amount of talent. Afterwards, Professor Warman, our popular lecturer, author and elocutionist, read from our beloved Longfellow's works the story of "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and, as an encore, recited from memory that touching scene from Hiawatha, "The Famine." It seemed so perfectly real that had he not changed the program with a little pleasantry, we would have felt cold and hungry yet. Well, hardly that, for as Mrs. Watson fills the soul with spiritual food, likewise she understands the inner man, for we were waited upon by fair and willing hands to a most bountiful repast.

And, last but not least, we must thank Mrs. Itell and Mrs. Wooden for their share in making our day one of complete happiness, the first, for her rendition of choice vocal selections, in a sweet and cultured voice, and the latter, an invocation well worthy of special notice.

We passed the intervening time in rambling through her sunny gardens, where all nature seemed redolent with sweet perfume, and it was getting dusk when we took our departure. We were better for having been there.

Long live our bright minister of peace.
Yours, Fraternally,
MRS. J. E. VEIRS.
STOCKTON, CAL., June 2, 1890.

TRUMPH OF CLAIRVOYANCE.—A few months since an estimable young lady, Miss Lillian Peterson, residing with her parents in Jamestown, N. Y., unaccountably disappeared. Various surmises were entertained as to the cause of her absence, and the motive that led to it. The Jamestown *Sunday Sun* sent a reporter to a medium at Buffalo, and to Mrs. Turner,

one of the best mediums at Cassadaga, to inquire about Miss Peterson. The spirit-control of both said that Lillian was drowned, and they described the Chautauque Lake outlet, as the point where the body would be found, and subsequently was found there. The *Sun* gave a full report of the interview with the mediums, and asked, "If the 'spirits' did not tell them, where did these 'mediums' get their information?"

G. F. Lewis, of Corry, Pa., who sends us the above facts, adds that Mrs. Turner, the medium, being in Corry, Lillian came as a spirit, and was the first to give information that her body had been found. She further said that no one was to blame for her passage over; that sometime since she hurt her spine, and that it affected her brain.—*Banner of Light*.

The All-Seeing Eye.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

You that have caught glimpses of the law of psychometry have been led somewhat into the secret chamber where the mystery of life is somewhat revealed. Bear in mind, dear friends, that the light that shows you those things, is the light of divine wisdom, the image of God or Immortality, your spiritual identity, and as it unfolds and becomes master of the temple in which you live, which is the temple of God; for God is light and that light is the all-seeing eye of psychometry. And you who would possess that God ordained gift must govern all selfish desires, and each and every day endeavor to gain power over selfishness and passion; that the power of passion may be used to develop your spiritual nature. And when you have moved up into the spiritual department of your house or temple, and extend the right hand of fellowship—which is charity to all—then you are just calling yourself a Spiritualist. But while you are on the combative plain, and devote your time and strength gathering up clubs, as it were, to fight others that do not believe as you do, you are only damaging yourself and the cause of true Spiritualism.

You may sit for what is called development and be controlled by a spirit to lecture, or do many things, and yet be a stranger to the spiritual world proper. For no one can enjoy spiritual things unless they are spiritually unfolded; and to abuse others don't unfold one's spiritual nature. The blacksmith's arm becomes strong by using it, and that which wish to become strong spiritually must exercise their spiritual nature, for remember the spiritual nature never prompted a person to do harm to themselves or others, for there is where God or good dwells. The Christian's bible teaches them that the kingdom of heaven is within, and still they insist that it is outside of them. Why ignore the teachings of their own bible? It is because they have not developed their spiritual nature to give them light on the spiritual meaning of their own bible, and if we are true Spiritualists and live in the spiritual part of our nature, we will kindly show them their faults. But if they abuse us, and we return the same abuse to them it shows that we are no better than they are; for by our fruits or acts we are known.

We need not study the bible to gain light on spiritual things. For the men or women, or whoever wrote the bible did not need books to study to make them wise; but some will say they were inspired by God, yes they were. And the bible says God is light, and some of the bible writers say in heaven they need not the light of a candle nor of the sun, for God and the Lamb is the light thereof. What is this light but the light of our unfolded spirit. This is our father who art in heaven, and we become his children by being born of his spirit. And the unfolding of our spiritual nature is being born of God, and as God is our spirit, life, light and love, if we are born of the spirit, or live in the spirit, we cannot hate any person, but will help all we can.

SUMMERLAND, 1890.

A. C. DOANE.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

The beginnings of things evade us their end evades us also. We only see the middle.

Houses that No One will Live In.

Washington is the worst haunted town in the Union. There are not less than twenty-five houses here that are entirely given up to ghosts, permitted to remain unoccupied by living tenants; that is to say, on account of disturbances supposed to be occasioned by dead ones. From year to year these dwellings remain vacant and untenable to the hopeless disgust of their owners and the real-estate agents. Once in a while one of them is hired by some person who takes pride in his lack of superstition and finds the low price asked a temptation. For a brief period it is inhabited, then it is abandoned with great precipitation and shut up once more. Spooks at the national capital are unusually industrious and persistent in the production of what experts in psychical research term "phenomena." Thus it happens that only one cure for the trouble has so far been discovered—namely, to tear the specter-cursed building down. In one instance, however, where this was done the supernatural manifestations were located in the cellar, so that it was necessary to dig up the foundations of the structure in order to get rid of the hobgoblins.

One of the most mysterious of Washington's haunted residences is the famous old Taylor house on the northeast corner of Seventeenth street and New York avenue. It is a very large structure, octagonal in shape, and fifty years ago was one of the most superb dwellings in Washington. Even to this day it is a most imposing mansion, and yet no one cares to live in it, though it is offered for rent at the merely nominal charge of \$25 a month. The ghosts in it, according to all accounts, are altogether too seriously disposed to make their company endurable at any price. As to their origin no less than three stories are told and believed. One of them is to the effect that the former proprietor was a slaveholder and very cruel. In a fit of anger he whipped one of his negroes to death in a garret. But another account says that he starved or tortured his human chattel in the cellar until the victim died. The third tale is very different in character, and concerns a daughter, who was desired to contract a marriage against her will. She made vigorous protest, and a quarrel with her father ensued upon the staircase, in the course of which she either fell or was thrown down and so lost her life. Certain it is that the disturbances in this old dwelling have always seemed to have a good deal to do with the stairs, on which whispering voices in angry tones are heard at the dead of night, the sound as of something falling down the steps being subsequently audible. Many people have testified to having seen faces at the windows of the empty house as they passed along the street, and strange lights moving from window to window, though such is the dread in which the haunted mansion is held that the notion of its being occupied or even entered by dishonest persons is hardly conceivable. Several parties of gentlemen, for curiosity's sake, have at different times passed nights in the Taylor residence and had the most terrifying experiences, if their statements are to be believed—such, for instance, as the death of a dog from fright. Among the phenomena repeatedly observed have been the clinking of glass and the rattling of dishes in what was once the dining-room, though no one was to be seen enjoying the feast. During the war Sisters of Charity occupied the house after it had been purified from top to bottom by sprinkling with holy water. They were given rent free, with the understanding that they should get rid of the spooks. At the end of a year they moved out and for some time after the United States Government used the building in the day time for its war record office. But for many years past there has been no tenant obtainable at any price.

On the northwest corner of Thirteenth and K streets is a large brown house which has had the reputation of being haunted since before the war. It was built by a certain Colonel Lindsay, a man of ample means and some distinction. He was stricken by a mortal illness soon after the completion of the residence; and possessing so much to make life enjoyable he declared that he would not be made to give it up, and stoutly resisted the approach of death, blaspheming and shrieking so loud as to attract the attention of the entire neighborhood. People who reside at K and Twelfth streets recall to this day the appalling impression made upon their minds by hearing the sounds in question at that distance. The Colonel died, notwithstanding his violent protest, and his funeral was scarcely over when his ghost was seen for the first appearance. It was seen in various parts of the new house, though more particularly in the library and the haunting was so aggravated that it was found almost impossible to retain any servants. Finally the family moved out and the dwelling was taken by the then Spanish Minister, who told many extraordinary stories of things apparently supernatural that he saw in it. Many persons now living in this city have strange tales to relate of things they have themselves seen in the Lindsay mansion.

On the south side of H street, three or four doors east of Eighteenth, is another house concerning which stories are told of a very extraordinary nature, the authority for them being no less a person than the present owner and occupant of the establishment. An old colored woman died a few years ago, and the subsequent servants could not be induced to remain, because they said their sleeping quarters

were haunted by the dead domestic. From revelations afterward made it would appear that the disturbances had connection with a sum of money in bank notes which the old woman had hidden in a mattress with the intention of giving it to a relative. She expired, however, without having had an opportunity to carry out her design, and hence the restless ghost. In some way the phantom succeeded in explaining that there was something to be found in the mattress that occasioned her trouble, and the master of the house ripped it open and found the greenbacks in an envelope addressed to the relative aforesaid. The latter was given the money and the specter never came back again. This is probably one of the best authenticated ghost stories known, vouched for as it is by a naval officer and his family.

There is a house on the south side of G street, near Nineteenth, which has been the scene of extraordinary phenomena. On one occasion, for instance, a young girl was sitting in the parlor, when she felt a breath of cold air from the tomb upon her and saw a big luminous vapor body in the shape of a human being go across the room toward the window and disappear as if falling out. She was much depressed by the unpleasant experience, and two days later she was herself killed by being pushed accidentally from a height. As to whether the apparition was properly to be regarded as an omen every one must judge for himself.

In the house at 1619 K street dwelt formerly an ex-Governor of Maryland, who was frequently disturbed there by the walking of a heavy though invisible person up and down the stairs. Illusions of such effect were not infrequent in the night, when folks are in bed and all else silent; but in this case the walking was usually done in the evenings, while the Governor looked on and heard without seeing. Much more remarkable was a viewless animal of some sort, apparently either a cat or a dog, which was very apt to be sitting on the stairs and to trip people up. It was big enough to stumble over, and when struck with the foot would apparently get out of the way, though having no visible existence, just as a real dog or cat would do. As for the man on the stairs, he was not only perceived through the noise he made in walking, but there was a consciousness of the personal presence of somebody when one passed him. Into this house also came one night the apparition of a gentleman who had fallen dead on that same evening a few doors away, in his bedroom. It seemed as if the phantom had gone out in search of assistance, naturally seeking his most intimate friend in life, the Governor. The latter had no notion that the dead man was otherwise than alive and well until the specter appeared. Of all the disturbances at 1619 K street the most alarming occurred immediately before the death of a child, and on this occasion the whole establishment was searched from top to bottom, the family being convinced that strange people must be hidden in it. The house was afterward occupied by an army officer, who testified to witnessing the same sort of manifestations. His children, to whom nothing was said on the subject, were much astonished at them and asked innocent and childish questions as to what the matter was. The dwelling remained untenanted for some years after the army officer vacated it, or at all events was never occupied for more than a month at a time, on account of the ghosts.

On F street, near Eleventh, there formerly stood a house that was owned by a man named Syphax. It was haunted for generations so seriously that it had to be torn down at length to get rid of the ghosts. This was only one of the many Washington dwellings that have had to be demolished on the same account, because spooks rendered them impossible to live in.

Speaking on this general subject, Dr. Elliot Coues, the distinguished theosophist and psychical expert, said last evening: "In my belief, all houses in which human beings have lived and died are haunted. Who is there who has not unexplained phenomena of some sort, such as only seem to be accountable for by referring them to supernatural agencies? I have in mind a comparatively new dwelling occupied by friends of mine where no death has ever occurred. It will illustrate incidentally the fact that a death is not essential to haunting, as is popularly supposed. The disturbances are so constant in this house as to occasion only slight annoyance, as a rule, though sometimes they are rather severe on the nerves. For example, two gentlemen are conversing in the sitting-room, when suddenly there is a report like that of a pistol close by them, causing them both to jump to their feet and cry out, 'What's that?' or a lady upstairs calls down terrified and says that on opening her closet door she heard a noise like that of a gun, and a heavy missile whizzed past her ear. In either case there is nothing to account for the disturbance, and nothing is to be found in the way of gun, pistol or missile. On one occasion in the same dwelling a lady was aroused from sleep by a wrench at her arm, and woke to see a specter of most terrifying appearance at her bedside. I myself have several times seen in the house I speak of apparitions of persons, both living and dead, and so clearly that I should have addressed them instinctively had it not been that I recognized them as phantoms. No, I do not believe in ghosts, because I have with my own eyes beheld too many real ones to do otherwise than disbelieve in the sort of spooks people generally have faith in."

Great truths are often said in the fewest words.

Slugs crawl and crawl over our cabbages as the world's slander crawls over a good name. You may kill them, it is true, but the slime remains.

He who lives wisely to himself and his own heart looks at the busy world through the loop-holes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Saldie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Higher Heavens, through the Scries for the Sun Angels' Order of Light, M. E. S. Fox

Children in the valleys, greetings from the heart of Saldie go out to each one like a wave of benediction from the world of light far removed from turmoil and strife, where peace alone reigns. Saldie's feet have quick-bound as o'er the earthward path she comes, when messengers meet her on the way, whose smiling, happy faces tell they are bearing back to the world of light and peace happy messages from loving hearts. Remember always,

"There are angels hovering round,
To bear the tidings home,

If these be good or ill; and messages are borne back of evil o'ercome, of deep resolve to make the inner sanctuary pure and receptive to the redeeming light that hovers o'er the children of earth waiting to make its dwelling place within the soul.

Saldie looks o'er her little flock with feelings of gratitude and love. They are reaching out the longing hands for the bread of life. Their thirsty souls seek the fountain head, where the hands of angels will fill the cup to the brim, and they may quench their thirst with the nectar of life immortal. Guardians are seen in the well-paved path from earth to the green fields of celestial land, coming and going with love-lighted, happy faces. The music of the heavens has a joyous ring never heard before, and you, our loved ones, in being firm and true, give us the key-note of a grand halo that rings far up the heights. Be glad, rejoice and be happy, children of light, for ere long the valleys will no longer resound with the tread of your mortal feet. You have well-paved the way for those who are to follow. Master minds are flocking earthward—those who will finish the material journey and leave as a farewell legacy to the world thoughts but little understood now but accepted and held as truth divine in the near future. Many masterful ones have become lights to the world of matter, have passed through the mystic gate into the life of the soul, and gathered anew the threads of memory they could not hold in their baptism in matter but have left in the world where all wisdom and true knowledge lives eternally.

Saldie has many times gathered the sleeping spirit of true, give us the key-note of a grand halo that rings far up the heights. Be glad, rejoice and be happy, children of light, for ere long the valleys will no longer resound with the tread of your mortal feet. You have well-paved the way for those who are to follow. Master minds are flocking earthward—those who will finish the material journey and leave as a farewell legacy to the world thoughts but little understood now but accepted and held as truth divine in the near future. Many masterful ones have become lights to the world of matter, have passed through the mystic gate into the life of the soul, and gathered anew the threads of memory they could not hold in their baptism in matter but have left in the world where all wisdom and true knowledge lives eternally.

The right to possess a home, and sufficient to meet every want, the right to seek truth for its own sake, the right to know of a life that is a pilgrimage set in the ways of truth, and leaving the slippery ways of old, walk the firm and pleasant paths of right and justice. Redemption is possible; happiness is to be obtained. Each and every child of the Father inherits a sacred right from the infinite, who loves all.

In this Light all life's crooked paths are made straight, all that is mysterious made plain, and earth's children will grow into a knowledge that will make earth a fitting place for angels of light and wisdom. Happier homes, filled with content; humanity dwelling in the smile of Deity. No poor nor very rich; no crime nor need of church or prison; but mankind inhabiting the world a loving Father has built for their habitation; brothers and sisters of one common law. All this will be the result of the angels' mission to earth and its children.

Saldie sees where so many are yet not immortal. They are but gross children of materiality, knowing nothing of the higher life, aspiring to it. But these will in time reach a condition where it is possible for Deity to wed with their spirits. Toward this condition the world now tends. Spirits have gained a foothold, in that they have demonstrated the fact of a continued life. Now it is for them, and those they control, to learn of higher heavens, and the wisdom thereof.

They have no right to bind children of men with their want of wisdom; better use their God-given privilege of gaining true wisdom, and place themselves in the attitude of learners at the feet of those who

have gained their angelhood, and turn back as instructors to those who yet shall stand redeemed, upon the glorious heights, from whence angels bend to bless all mankind.

Children, Saldie requires you to be blended in love and harmony. Clasp anew the hands of the angels, and thus work on as never before, and angels will bless each one.

Peace be with you. SAIDIE.
J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light, Oswego, N. Y., May 25, 1890.

Gleanings from my Window Garden.

I am many times surprised that we do not, as progressive children, grow beyond the condition wherein we speak of an idea to which we may have grown, as being the ultimate truth in that direction; as though we could during our earthly existence, reach and explore the termination of truth's tributaries. It is my opinion there may be indentations along the coast of truth's tide, not marked on our charts, which we might, by mistake, take for the open bay that leads direct to the ocean.

I believe we are all members of soul-land groups, and that each group holds by virtue of its growth, to certain ideas. Therefore being in harmony with a group, we do of necessity echo the thoughts thereof. I notice some nobly rabid, where, in their zeal, and with their backs towards the light, do fight most valiantly against progression, and I say to myself, they are not so much to blame, because they are under the power of their own home group, from which they come earthward. Others seem in perfect harmony with every advance idea, hoping therein to find a new thought germ, that in fulness of time will unfold to a marvelous bloom. Such souls I believe belong to groups well grown in that great love, that is, and is to be the saving power of the world.

I have made these remarks because I have in my heart to disagree with a statement I have read, and which I am sure was made in all honesty. I shall bring no positive force to bear, that in virtue says, the affair is entirely settled; because I may after all find when I get home, that I was the mistaken one, when it would be disagreeable to recall any bad beadedness on my part. I notice many times that the progressions we have taken for high truth elevations, by a turn in the tide, are revealed as inferior knolls, scarcely above the marshy surface. There need be nothing depressing to the soul in these changes as they but mark rapid progress. I am just here reminded of an expression made by a very satisfied and confident faced church member. He said, "I thank God I stand where I did forty years ago." Surely the circumference of such a soul must be subject to painful limitations. I said I wished to disagree with a certain statement made, and will so do now, and here, I feel the restrictions of space limitation. A correspondent says, as I understand it, that "sex is not known in heaven," and I cannot with my limited reasoning powers, accept the conclusion, because the premises are not sufficiently lighted for my purpose, which may all be due to my own benighted condition.

I am taught by the group to which I belong, that souls are born in the love atmosphere of creative force, as a result of a blending of the positive and negative, or father and mother principle of the universe.

This, as I see it, is the centre, while the circumference gives its corresponding expression in the birth of material forms, through a blending of a like transmitted chemical force, expressed in individuals. "As is the circumference, so is the centre." I believe the sexhood of souls to be recorded in Deity; and I also believe it will remain eternally unchangeable, under all conditions; as to me there is no chance, no "accident of environment," but everywhere the most exact law, that becomes a rhythm of the universe. It seems to me the possibility of becoming either male or female, would leave one in a strangely confused condition, because of not knowing just what to expect at the next issue. What is this force that speaks in the father and mother, the one all brusqueness, and the other all love and patience? Is it not the individual expression of the universal opposites? According to dictionary authority, the word hermaphrodite signifies monstrosity, and I confess I shrink from turning my trust seeking soul in the direction thereof. Perhaps the word does mean something better in soul-land literature; let us hope so, if there is danger of certain possibility.

I imagine I see why the lower order of creation express no difference in sex, and I believe it is all owing to the fact that they do not enshrine in the brain, a mind jet, by which I mean a direct radiation from universal mind, which I understand to be both masculine and feminine, there being, because of the exactness of law, an equal division of each.

If my thought is correct, and of course I think it is, can there be a distinction of sex where mind or a certain degree of intelligence is not expressed, and is not sex due to the expression of infinite mind? I believe that whatever exists in material form, must have had previous existence in soul form, or there could be no record in material type, as atoms are powerless to give expression, as soul light shines over and through them; besides, it seems to me that whatever is recorded in soul

must forever remain thus, with no change save such as is expressed by the difference between material and soul atoms.

In connection with what I have already written, I must say I fully believe the holy mental relation of the sexes in the land of souls, will be positively needful as a stimulant to most ascendant thought, or the "dead line" would soon be reached and progression stop itself to sleep in the immortal voids.

What gentleman or lady of equal mental calibre, does not sense the quickening of thought when viewing a principle beneath the two fold power formed by the harmony of chemical assimilation born of that unseen positive and negative force called mind? It seems to me that if souls are to express in distinction of sex, the argument would come conclusive that the force we call creative mind, would become one fold, and of course in such case express the masculine element, or there would be a fuss.

The subject viewed from such standpoint, implies to me, simple stagnation. If, as some writers seem desirous of believing, the time will come when through progression (?) woman's soul will become *fair*—I suppose the same writers would say unfolded—in man's soul. I say if such condition is to be the "upshot of the whole affair," I pray "Almighty God, Maker and Preserver of the heaven and earth" to let uncounted and uncountable ages come and go before my individuality as a woman becomes eternally obliterated.

In view of the thoughts that touch my soul as truth, it does seem to me that the unborn eternities call loudly for an unchangeable distinction of sex, which but bespeaks a corresponding distinction of force; that thought may be polished to exceeding brightness and purity.

Now I have had my little say, and in as few words as possible, and not affirming that I have the whole truth, will shake hands with the one on the other side of the fence, nor blame him for his belief, which, if it be true, will in fullness of time cause him to grow in expression, more like unto woman, in which I see only commendable taste.

I have always considered newspaper disagreements unpleasant in the extreme, to those not interested, yet I have blundered into the same rut, but dear me, how could I help it when I felt my province as woman thus invaded. I wonder if gentlemen are not given to vague ideas? I at one time knew one who believed that progression would at last leave souls minus everything but heads, and they (the heads) would be in an aura of light. What a queer picture it would make to see a colony of heads flitting like fire-flies here and there.

I believe I am not an extremist, the middle path suits my pilgrim feet, as from that position I can sense the extremes all that I consider mentally healthful. My prayer is let me live in a world where I can know the one from the other, not sense the confusion of both within myself. I hope no one will try to convince me that I am in error, but rather let me grow by easy stages into whatever is to be, as I am brave enough when I face the inevitable, and know there is no side path leading to other grounds. COUSIN RUTH.

THE GRAVE OF HIGHLAND MARY.—There having been some dispute as to the condition in which the grave of the woman immortalized by Burns is kept, it is authoritatively stated that the Greenock Burns Club has taken great pains to keep that last resting-place in proper order. A handsome monument marks the spot, and upon it are chiselled these words: "Erected over the grave of Highland Mary, 1842."

My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

This grave is put in order and decorated with shrubs and flowers twice a year, but it seems the relic-burgers soon despoil the historic spot.—Chicago News' London letter.

Literature, when noble, is not easy; but only when ignoble. Literature is an interminable duel with the whole world of darkness that lies without one and within one, rather a hard battle to fight.—Carlyle.

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely, and too much if expended foolishly.

Guide into the right road the traveller who has gone astray; and snatch from the fury of the waves the wretch that is about to perish.—Phylades.

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Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Please allow a small space in your excellent paper for a few thoughts as they come welling up from the depth of my soul on reading in last Saturday's issue of the glorious good work that our dear little friend, Mrs. Pruden, is doing in Minneapolis, by the assistance of her angel-guide. Well do I remember her first visit, over one year ago, to our hall at 909 Market street, San Francisco, when she made her first speech, in which she related her experience in losing her precious boy, Willie, by drowning. Her mother heart could not be comforted by theological teaching, and not until he appeared to her and said "Mamma, I am not dead, but right here with you now," would she be comforted, or give any thought to Spiritualism. She closed her first most thrilling inspirational speech by saying, as she grasped my hand, "I thank you, Mrs. Logan, for instituting such a meeting as this where all are privileged to speak their best thoughts. This is my first speech but will not be the last by your permission," and for several months her hallowed presence was welcomed every Sunday until she took her departure to her present field of labor; and I believe the feeling I have for these tender buds of hope and promise that are to be the world's saviors, is akin to that the mother feels for her tender offspring, for are they not my spirit children, who can tell? We all loved her and love her still, and were it not that she is needed there we should wish for her return speedily.

Mrs. C. J. Meyer, who is now holding forth in Stockton, a little over a year ago, gave her first platform test in my hall, although she had been a medium for several years, but had never before been encouraged so as to have sufficient confidence to take the platform.

Man-worship and woman-worship I abhor; for we are not all children of the same universal father and mother nature? and these like baubles will pass away; the true flower is individualized and of just as much importance in nature's laboratory as the sunflower, or century plant; and the little speech that Mrs. Kimball's guides endeavored to make through her delicate organism last Sunday in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, was just as significant of a future existence as anything that might be brought out by the most eloquent speaker on this coast, and Mr. Mullen's tests and peculiar control was most impressive; Dr. Wood's tests were very emphatic, to a stranger he said, "I see a lady who has an E and X in her name; don't tell me, I will get it," he said, "It is Experience, yes that was her name." Dr. Laren, magnetic healer, stopped the roaring in the ears that a gentleman had had over twenty years, by laying on of hands. Mrs. Stevens, in her very modest yet impressive way, related some of her experiences in curing the insane. Mr. Mullen was controlled by Amos Gardner to make remarks; he is wholly unconscious when entranced and is a very impressive speaker.

Strangers and all find a cordial welcome to participate in the exercises, that new comers do not feel alone but soon become acquainted and learn of other spiritual meetings in the city. MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, met last Sunday as usual, Dr. Macsorley presiding. The afternoon meeting opened with song, an invocation by Mrs. Miller, also remarks by the President; tests and song by Mr. Pattison, and song by Mr. Healey of San Francisco, followed by an address by Mrs. Miller. Our friend Mr. Wheeler gave a short speech which was very interesting; Mrs. Wheeler gave tests and psychometric readings acknowledged to be correct.

At the evening meeting quite a number had assembled. A song was rendered by the audience, a blessing by Mrs. Miller was then given. After some interesting remarks by the President, Mrs. Miller proceeded to give her farewell lecture, the subject of which was quoted from the Bible; the medium quoted a number of passages from Scripture, these were demonstrated in the clearest, comprehensive and truthful facts of the spiritual presence; the medium then gave a number of tests. All were deeply interested in the evening's exercises.

At our last Wednesday evening meeting there was a fair attendance. Dr. Macsorley opened the meeting with song, "The Beautiful Shore," a blessing and remarks by the President. Mr. Pattison interested the audience in singing under control a sympathetic song, by a child to its mother, which was answered by the parent, and gave tests which were recognized. Mr. Wheeler gave a short address which was very interesting, as it is always; our friend Suter Wheeler was present and gave readings and tests, one test in particular was given to a lady, the medium referring back twenty years or more, when she lost a pocket book; and the lady never found it, but the spirit of the man who stole it came and told the full contents of the purse and that the one she had suspected was not guilty; the thought it contained more of value, but found in it only

keepsakes, a description of which he gave.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. Cowell, test medium will occupy the platform for the entire evening. We cordially invite all friends to call and visit us.

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

Letter from H. L. Williams.

Editor of Golden Gate and to the Spiritualists of the World:—It is believed that this is an epoch in human evolution when "all things are to be made new." That it is a climacteric period in history when institutions should be rebuilt in harmony with the new thought which is now being evolved from the progressed mind of humanity. That it is wise to rear a social structure, establish a social order in accord with the deductions of the highest reason and the most unfolded ethical principles. It is the unwavering conviction, that Modern Spiritualism, in its facts and principles, and the personnel of its following embraces all the forces and conditions necessary for the accomplishment of such purpose.

Notwithstanding the claim that there are over twelve million Spiritualists in the United States, they do not possess a single institution of learning for the teaching of spiritual principles; or their scientific investigation; or where our children can be educated beyond the influence or teachings of the orthodox church.

Summerland was founded as a result from an inspiration to establish a place on one of the most desirable spots on the Pacific Coast, for the aggregation of progressive minds constituting a mental and spiritual center of light and power for the perfecting of the evolutionary work of Spiritualism.

In aid of this movement and to promote the elevation of all to a higher plane of spiritual growth it is the intention to found and publish a spiritual paper at Summerland to be called the *Reconstructor*, the first number of which will be issued on the 12th day of June next. Prof. J. S. Loveland, President of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, will be the editor-in-chief assisted by the ablest writers in the spiritual field. The *Reconstructor* will be no indiscriminate incoherent, bent only on destruction, but as far as possible "a wise master builder." Neither is it gotten up or published to "boost" Summerland. Experience has proven that those who are wanted will come, and all true Spiritualists are wanted. Notwithstanding the depressed financial condition throughout the entire country Summerland has grown steadily until now it has thirty six houses, one hundred and fifty inhabitants, with new arrivals weekly, with word from all parts of the Union and from abroad of Spiritualists preparing to come. Summerland is taken care of on the "other side."

The object of this letter is to state briefly the end proposed by this Colony, and our belief as to the present condition of the world as it comes to us, and to ask every Spiritualist and intelligent thinker to aid in the circulation of the *Reconstructor*. Who is there not willing to pay one dollar a year to be regularly informed of the progress of the educative work which the spirit world has inaugurated at this chosen spot on the Pacific Coast? Of one thing you may be assured, the *Reconstructor* will be consecrated to Spiritualism in its purity and entirety. Its interpretation of Spiritualism will be that it is all inclusive, that it embraces all the good of all past religions and philosophies. It will be unique in its discussions of its themes, and will fill a place and meet a want not supplied by our present periodicals. Hence, it comes not as a rival or competitor for patronage, but as a helper by cultivating some portions of the great field left, or passed by, by the preceding workmen. We ask, therefore, the friends of a scientific and exhaustive exposition of our Spiritualism to send their subscription at once to The *Reconstructor* Printing and Publishing Company, Summerland California.

Fraternally,

SUMMERLAND, CAL., May 29, 1890.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The usual meeting was held by the Union Spiritualists, at St. Andrews' Hall, on last Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. The meeting began by Mrs. Meyer giving a very fine spiritual invocation, after which she delivered a very eloquent address on the subject of the meeting, and was heartily endorsed by the audience. Miss Eva Peck followed, giving a recitation. After a song by the audience, Mrs. M. Miller came forward, and after a few general remarks on the subject of "Spiritualism," she gave a large number of very fine tests, all being received with great pleasure by the audience. Mr. Harlow Davis followed, and gave a great many fine tests, and they were all acknowledged to be the persons receiving them. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock to meet again next Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

The Wednesday evening meetings are always well attended, and a very pleasant time is always guaranteed to any one attending these meetings. Good vocal and instrumental music, speaking and tests.

M. H. M.

"CONFIRMATION STRONG."

Fifteen years ago, Prof. Alfred R. Wallace wrote of Spiritualism, as follows:

"After the whole range of the phenomena had been before the world ten years, and had convinced skeptics by tens of thousands—skeptics, be it remembered, of common sense and more than common acuteness, Americans of all classes they were confirmed by the first chemist in America, Prof. Robert Hare. Two years later—they were again confirmed by the elaborate and persevering inquiries of one of the first American lawyers, Judge Edmonds. Then by another good chemist, Professor Mapes. In France, the truth of the simpler physical phenomena was confirmed by Count A. de Gasparin in 1854; and, since then, French astronomers and chemists of high rank have confirmed them. Prof. Thury, of Geneva, again confirmed them in 1854. In our own country, such men as Prof. de Morgan, Dr. Lockhart, T. Adolphus Trollope, Dr. Robert Chambers, Sergeant Cox, Mr. C. F. Varley (the distinguished electrician), as well as the skeptical Dialectical Committee, have independently confirmed large portions of them; and lastly comes Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., with four years of research and unrestricted experiment with the two oldest and most remarkable wholeness in the world, and again confirms the whole series."

In the light of such testimony as this how do the denunciations of the Harcourts, Spencers, Banes, etc., sink into monumental insignificance.

DR. DOBSON AND TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

FRIEND CHAAPLE: Like the man in Scripture history, this day I do remember my fault, that of not telling you of a remarkable cure performed by Dr. A. B. Dobson, of which I learned while at the Delphos camp-meeting in Kansas, last September. A gentleman learning I was from Clinton, Iowa, asked:

"Do you know Dr. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa?"

"Oh, yes; very well."

"Well, I know of a very remarkable cure here in Minneapolis, Kansas. The man was given up to die. He had spent \$2,000 on various doctors, but all to no purpose. Finally a friend advised him, as a last resort, to send to Dr. Dobson, and he is now a well man. One month's medicine—just one prescription—cured him."

The man was a stranger to me, and so I made further inquiries. While in Pleasant Valley, visiting with the Benedicts and the Websters, I spoke of the matter and I found that they knew both the man who was cured and the man who advised him to apply to Dr. Dobson. They confirmed all that had been told to me on the camp ground, and more. The man's name was Cunningham, and the man who advised him to write to Dr. Dobson was Mr. Goucher. Mr. Cunningham paid the "legal regulars" \$2,000 and received no benefit; he paid Dr. Dobson for one month's medicine, (\$2.00, we believe the terms), and was cured.

Great is law (?) and great are our "regulars" (?), but Dr. Dobson carries away the victory.

Longmont, Colorado.

[See advt in another column.]

When men get to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.

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SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

By J. J. OWEN.

Late Editor, for 24 years, of the San Jose (Cal.) Mercury, Editor of GOLDEN GATE, and author of "Our Sunday Talks."

A Text Book of Spiritualism and the True Philosophy of Life.

APPRECIATIVE ENDORSEMENTS:

Both interesting and instructive.—*Leadhill Herald and Democrat.*

Every thinking mind can reap consolation and benefit from them. They constitute a philosophy in themselves.—*The Better Way.*

These gems treat of spiritual subjects in a very beautiful way, and will give satisfaction to many a reader, in this permanent form.—*Alcyon.*

The volume is not only beautifully gotten up, but abounds with inspired teachings, and is a credit to the author.—*Charles P. Cook, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"Spiritual Fragments," is a treasure of priceless value to the world, and must be appreciated by it in due time.—*Riley M. Adams, Vineland, N. J.*

They deal with some 750 distinct subjects. The teaching is on the whole sound, and uttered with great literary grace and lucidity.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

They will be found interesting and instructive reading. The book is embellished with a fine life-like portrait of Mr. Owen.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

Mr. Owen was for a quarter of a century editor of the San Jose Mercury, and is well known throughout the West. His literary essays excelled as a writer of humanitarian editorials.—*Golden Era.*

I find in it "rest for the weary," encouragement for the weak, hope for the despondent; in short, a panacea for many of life's ills, if these thoughts were but coined into practice.—*Mrs. A. S. Little.*

A collection of choice gems of thought on a very large variety of topics, all of which are treated from the broad, liberal standpoint of a man of culture, experience and deep spiritual conviction.—*W. J. Colville.*

They should be in the hands and form a text-book for every thinking, reflecting Spiritualist in the land, and should be constantly by his side as used as a text-book of the higher teachings of Spiritualism.—*Hon. Amos Adams.*

Such "Fragments" are "whole thoughts" for the mortal. They are good to lie round where they can tell their tale to the idle moment I never open the volume without finding a thought or a suggestion that stirs the mind.—*Charles Dawburn.*

Coming from the pen of Hon. J. J. Owen, editor of the GOLDEN GATE, of San Francisco, there is no doubt in the minds of those who know of the writer and his literary efforts, that his "Spiritual Fragments" will be veritable crumbs of wisdom.—*Olive Branch.*

The day it came my wife took it as I was showing it to her, and has kept it ever since; and occasionally says "Hear this, John," and reads one of them. She finds it constantly by her side, and in these "Fragments," keeps the book on her work-table and in her hands about all the time.—*John Wetherlee.*

It is packed full of the grandest, most elevating and inspiring sentiments that I ever read. I can read it a single page that I do not find something that commends itself to my better and nobler self. It can but do a great good.—*W. H. Smith, of the Diamond Safe and Iron Works Company, Boston, Mass.*

I think your book is a beautiful gathering of pearls of wisdom and truth, which may grace the library of every Spiritualist, and to those who walk in sorrow's sombre vales, upon perusal of many of its cheering pages, find many a cheering ray of light, which leads before the world's pathway and inspire fresh vigor to their faltering energies.—*Samuel D. Greene, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

It is precisely such a work as would afford appropriate readings for our Sunday services and lyceum scholars. Those who have been in the habit of reading nothing but the silly and commonplace in each issue of the GOLDEN GATE, will rejoice to find them gathered up in the form of a handsome and attractive volume.—*Emma Harding Britten, in "The Two Worlds."*

I feel that I am blest with a true spiritual friend that I keep readily to hand to cheer me in times of despond. It certainly embodies the true precepts to a correct and therefore heavenly life. Sweeter fragments we've never gathered, or we would have gathered before the world's pathway and inspire fresh vigor to their faltering energies.—*Sarah A. Ramsdell.*

On this Coast especially, and to an extent among the readers of Spiritual literature throughout the world, Mr. Owen is appreciated as one of the most graceful and forcible of writers advocating the cause of "Modern Spiritualism" while the editorial fraternity of California, from long acquaintance with him as a secular editor, that he is a writer of fine general ability. We shall give "Spiritual Fragments" a place in our most valued collection.—*The World's Advance Thought.*

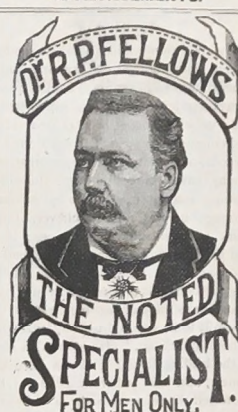
They touch upon a great variety of topics, but the main themes are the power of love, the influence of home, the vitality of the spiritual man, the spread of free thought and the decadence of religious sectarianism. Mr. Owen is a clear, forcible and earnest writer. There is the ring of genuine conviction in everything he writes, and no one can read a few pages of this book without gaining suggestions for thought. If every Spiritualist had his candor, moderation, tolerance and high aspirations, the Cause would be much stronger than is to-day.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

I must say, Brother Owen, your "Fragments" are soul-searching, love-inspiring, heart-inspiring and peace-giving to all who have tasted the sweet waters of Spiritualism, and the pure nectar of its divine truths. Some of its passages are like hanging baskets of roses and blooming flowers in the "Garden of the Gods." They are like healing balm to many a worn and weary traveler on the dusty road of doubt. They portray the grand sublime principles of Spiritualism in symbols of beauty, and sing of the gladness to the lone soul that is weary and longs to pass away, and lightens again the threads of angel-taught truths.—*Rose L. Bushnell, San Francisco.*

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Yes my afflicted brother this book has been written especially for YOU, and sent forth to meet your urgent needs and rescue you from impending DEATH, and restore you to SOUND HEALTH AND MANLY VIGOR. AVOID UNNECESSARY PAINFUL PRESCRIPTIONS. Possess this valuable book which is worth many times its cost, and if you will heed the advice therein given, you will at last be on the road to health and perfect manhood. Address: DR. R. P. FELLOWS, VINELAND, NEW JERSEY, and say where you saw this advertisement.

[From the GOLDEN GATE.] "Similar advertisements from unreliable practitioners have been frequently assailed and exposed by the press, but Dr. Fellows stands foremost in his profession, and IT IS SAFE TO TRUST HIM."

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Vanished Faces.

BY JOHN WETHERS.

My old friend and pastor, Theodore Parker, once thought he saw and had a conversation with a spirit. I think he was always tender on people's superstitions, and, notwithstanding his rational ideas and common sense, he had deep down in his soul, a veneration for the supernatural. It may have made him respectful to the growing interest in Modern Spiritualism, although he was not a believer; but I think he would have been one, if he had lived a decade longer. He died in 1860, aged 50 years. It is possible his hospitality to this modern belief may have been due to the fact that the clergy of his day said to it, as it did to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He knew that some of the leading liberal ministers were dishonest, and were as heretic as he was, but preferred the primrose paths of ease to the rough road of going counter to public religious sentiment; so I think had he lived, he would have become a Spiritualist, and if he had, would not have been of the order of Nicodemus.

I said, Theodore Parker thought he saw and talked with a spirit. The incident is related in his life by O. B. Frothingham, as follows:

"When he was a little boy the following incident occurred that made a deep impression on him. He was on his way to school, trudging alone across the fields. He shortened his distance in this way a third that it would have been by going by the road. Suddenly he found himself accompanied by an old man, with long, white beard and a patriarchal aspect, who talked with him on the way, told him what a bright boy might do and be, making his heart burn with emotion, and then disappeared as suddenly and unaccountably as he came. Theodore often alluded to this adventure in after life, in a manner that betrayed a half superstitious belief in the visitation. Who the person was he could not guess;—no inhabitant of the neighborhood (Lexington)—he knew them all. No stranger had been seen in the quiet village. Be he who he might be, the meeting fell in with the boy's early consciousness that he had a destiny. Was it the consciousness that made the meeting significant?"

Who knows but this may have been the spirit of Socrates, for certainly Theodore Parker reminds one of that father of philosophy. I really think he felt it to be a visitant from the other world himself, and as a Spiritualist I think it was, for I have known some such cases.

Now having written this, I feel like saying a little more about that great man. No pleasant remembrance comes to my mind than that of Theodore Parker. In my mind's eye, I see his mild, blue, kindly eyes, his venerable look, short, gray beard on his chin, and bald head, though when I last saw him in Music Hall pulpit, he was on the sunny side of fifty. He was the most "come-at-able" great man I ever knew, in that respect reminding me of Wendell Phillips. I was not a church-going man; had a prejudice against ministers, as a class. I knew something of the general dislike of the liberal ministers, so-called, towards him, and of the orthodox equally so, but the fact did not attract me. I considered it a matter of no consequence.

I heard Theodore Parker once at a funeral, without knowing who he was. His remarks were so tender and touching, so rational and free from superstition and snobbishness, that I was drawn to him, and was surprised on inquiry to find that it was Theodore Parker, the great Boston heretic. This was in the early fifties (1853, possibly 1854.) I had not been for a long period a church-going man, but I went at once to hear him, and continued to. I did not feel as if it was a church. I went there, took a seat, generally read a newspaper until the sermon began; many others did the same, and that was not very church-like. I did not take any interest in the prayers, or see their efficacy, or sense, or any available outcome from that feature in religion. His audience, though very large, had not the appearance of a religious one, rather promiscuous. Some people whom I knew were infidels, I saw there, who seemed interested, but all were generally attentive to his words, and it seemed to be an intelligent, business-like crowd. He was very sarcastic, had a faculty of hitting error hard, and I became fascinated, expecting to hear bright things, and did, and liked his heavy blows at the church; and at the same time there was an undertone of sincerity and tenderness to the every day man that was democratic in the extreme.

I gradually grew to be an attendant almost every Sunday, and yet I did not feel as if I was a member of his or any church, but I grew to like him personally, his earnestness, his sincerity, his dealing with current topics. He rarely took a text from the bible, but from incidents in current life. His subjects were every-day subjects. I do not think he slighted the bible, but believed in truth before scripture, and the truths of Socrates, and of Milton, and others, were as good as truths anywhere else. He was eminently a Christian man, and taught Christianity, and lived it also, and better than any minister, or any man I ever knew. In time I found he had touched my religious

nature. I joined him in my heart, in his prayers, and felt the better for it, and grew finally to be one of his people. It took me two or three years to reach this point, but in the year 1856 or 1857, I used to bless the day that I had accidentally come in contact with him, and have thought more of funerals ever since.

Theodore Parker's works of many volumes, and his teachings that I listened to from 1853 to 1860, have given me what I call a liberal education; certainly it was "liberal." When I became personally acquainted with him, and one of the members of the Parker fraternity, I found him the most lovable man I had ever met. How any man could do the work he did, was to me, and would be to any one, unaccountable. He seemed to be everybody's friend, whether struggling scholars or struggling workers of the common class—black or white. His correspondence was immense, and a poor clerk, or a poor scholar, would get as much "ink" attention as if he was a statesman or a politician; if anything, the weaker had more. Under attention than the stronger, or of higher social position. What Pollock in his "course of time" said of Byron, would apply truthfully to this wonderfully gifted man:

"He touched his harp and people were entranced, As some vast river of unfeeling source, Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sang His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed."

He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest At will with all the glorious majesty.

Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed, Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sang His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed."

He was the greatest man, all things considered, that America has produced. His work and his labors, as a reformer, told on him. He was 50 years old, as I have said, when he died, and he looked 75 or 80. What would he have accomplished had he lived to the scriptural limit of human life.

It is now thirty years since he vanished into the spirit world, unpopular and rejected by the liberal class of ministers to which he belonged—a Unitarian. Only two or three out of the hundreds were willing to exchange pulpits—the usual pulpit courtesy. John T. Sargent was an exception. He was a preacher for the fraternity of churches, and lost his pulpit for it. James Freeman Clark was another;—probably remembered the loneliness of his grandfather, James Freeman, the minister of King's chapel, who was somewhat of an heretic and slighted by his Reverend brethren at an earlier day. James Freeman Clark offered and did exchange with Theodore Parker; had to say to his people that he did so in Christian duty, but he did not endorse thereby his religious views.

It is now thirty years since, as I have said, he vanished, and where do all the Unitarian lights stand to-day when compared with him? How insignificant in comparison. Not one of those who have not vanished but do him reverence, and those who have vanished of course now see their error. He has grown to be the bright particular star of Unitarian Christianity and proudly claimed as the product of that liberal church. He was quite conservative, compared to the advance guard of that church to-day, known as the "Free Religious Movement," Frothingham, Savage and Abbott, and others. Theodore Parker left no successor, and his church gradually dwindled, and in a decade or two lost its "local habitation" and its name—vanished. But *Parkerism* did not vanish; it manifested itself in a hundred other churches, rousing the advancing sect to a higher level, and though there is no Theodore Parker now, there are many who preach Parkerism, and even go beyond him in modern thought.

The voice of bigotry now is hushed, That called him heretic, though sent of God; Full many a sham by him lies crushed, And others safely walk where he in peril trod.

I have not said all I want to, but enough for once, and I will add a little more in another article.

An Apparition.

Full Mail Gazette.

Viscountess Maidstone writes to us as follows, with regard to an occurrence which took place on the evening of the performance last week, at Westminster Town Hall, of Sophocles' *Antigone*, in which Lady Maidstone took the title part:

"Coming out of my dressing-room, I saw Mr. H. standing against the wall, opposite the door of the dressing-room. I went up, putting my hand out, and said, 'How do you do, Mr. H.? I am so pleased to see you here.' He made no reply, shook his head, and turned away. Knowing him to be a peculiar man, but never doubting that it was he (being a person of such strong individuality that he couldn't well be mistaken), I thought 'How funny!' and, hurrying on behind the scenes, I gave the matter no further thought. The following day a friend called, and in the course of conversation said, 'You will be sorry to hear poor H. is dead.' 'Impossible,' I replied; 'I saw him, and spoke to him, at the play last night.' 'I can only tell,' was the answer, 'that he died on Thursday last' (the day before the performance), 'and is to be buried to-morrow.'"

"The fact," adds Lady Maidstone, "of the *Antigone* being entirely based on the solemn rites of the sepulture, make the facts curiously significant."

Reminiscences.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I have seen published in some spiritual book a sensible remark, That if any one would truly determine whether he is acting at any time in a manner worthy of a rational and immortal being, it behooves him to inquire of his heart if he would be willing that death should surprise him in the occupation. There is no severer test, and if we apply it to such researches as those of Spiritualism, how clearly stands forth their character. Here we grope and stumble; seeing through a glass darkly. Death surprises us and lets in the explaining light.

Deeds, honesty and purity of life, is the only passport to the satisfaction of life, and what can contribute more to this end than the study of this sublime question? Never did I engage in the pursuit of any science so satisfying as this; and yet how many as I walk the streets do I see and hear from their lips, 'I don't believe in it; and don't want to know anything about it.'

After my first experiences, as in my last article, I found some of my friends in Williston were holding seances there, and among them were Mr. and Mrs. Brimage Taylor. They had been to New York to visit their son, Dr. Taylor, President and originator of the "movement cure" system. Bro. Taylor gave me their experience thus:

Their son had attended a seance first and received a startling message from a sister who had left the form in her infancy, a loved child. The message came through a stranger medium and directed to the whole family. The son sent the message by mail to the father and mother and sister (Mrs. Fay), in Williston, and as the mother and sister read over the pathetic letter, so full of love and affection, they were moved to weep for joy as they read the loving words of the darling one. As soon as Mr. Taylor could get an explanation, all three were in the most intense ecstasy of soul together. It was the greatest mystery, the words seemed familiar, and the name was signed at the end. The son in New York had been as much surprised before them. The message contained a request that her father and mother would go to a medium in Burlington, and she would come to them. They went to Mrs. Martha Nichols, and their darling came and wrote for them. They were now firm Spiritualists. They left the Baptist church soon after. They went to New York, and there got a sitting with the first medium, where their child came in the most convincing way.

The successful mediumship of Mrs. Martha Nichols, wife of S. B. Nichols, had awakened a great interest in her husband, and as if over-acting his bounds he sent and got some of the most noted mediums in the country, John Pierpont, Miss Coan (Mrs. Hoyt), H. P. Fairfield, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Currier, and our hall was well filled to hear these noted lecturers.

One evening, when Mrs. Currier was on the rostrum, she gave invitation to any to ask questions. Mr. Lawrence Bigelow arose and said: "Why in the name of heaven don't spirits come to us in the light instead of going into some dark corner where nobody can see?" The medium stepped back two feet from the table, in trance, held her hands up over her head, the table tipped up and back three times, and at last went clear over and down from the rostrum on to the floor below, and seventy-five pairs of eyes were gazing upon the feat. Strange it was that Mr. B. claimed there might have been a wire under the carpet attached to the table.

Mr. Fairfield held a seance at Mr. Bigelow's; he was generally controlled by Sylvester Judd, and ordered the windows raised when in his trance state, and large stones were brought through the window and dropped on the floor.

Lorenzo Dow took control at the close and now, he said, "I'm going to give you a prayer. O, God, we thank Thee that the devil is dead. We pray that all the priests and deacons may be invited to his funeral. We pray that all the mines of Australia and California may be exhausted to manufacture his golden coffin. We pray that his grave may be dug deep in the valley of the Mississippi. We pray the resurrection power may never visit that God-forsaken place. Amen. Lorenzo Dow."

Mr. Fairfield held a seance at Mr. B. Nichols', and "Red Jacket" took him to the door, opened it and held his hands extended up. In a few minutes came in, and a large photograph case and likeness fell from his hand to the floor which Mr. Bigelow said was on his center table at his house, half a mile away, when he left home. The Indian spirit kept saying it came from the big wigwag.

Fraternally,
RILEY M. ADAMS.
VINELAND, N. J., May 22, 1890.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

The aged sage is in an air-spill high above the world. Around him all is still and dead. Below him lie the clouds and busy cities. He is frightened by his own voice. But around him is spread all Heaven.—Jean Paul.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DRAFFNESS—HAY FEVER.—A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and catarrhal tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada. *Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above and be cured.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Publishing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

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